

"A LAUGH IS SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE"

Smiles and Laughter Drive Away Tears and Frowns
Just as the Sun Drives Away the
Mists and Clouds.

THE "LAUGHTER" PRIZE-WINNERS.

TEN PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Marguerite L. O'Neill.....214 Third street northeast
B. R. Sosen.....740 Newton street
Mrs. John P. Dunlop.....1440 Meridian place
Mrs. Harry Midkiff.....1301 K street northwest
Henson B. Hicks.....Bureau of American Republics
Anna Frow Pennywitt.....304 Hammond Court
A. B. Fitzgerald.....209 Twelfth street southeast
M. Joseph Ryan.....73 N street northwest
Mrs. M. A. McGrath.....310 Second street southeast

NEW MEMBERS THIS WEEK.

Miss B. I. Mathews.....439 Tenth street northeast
Mary E. Smith.....Fort Myer, Va.
Clarine Hunter.....1624 Eighteenth street northwest
Mrs. J. Mott Buck.....804 Tenth street northwest

By M. J. MOORE, Leader.

There is nothing so delightfully infectious as laughter. The merry tinkle of youth, the hearty jovialness of middle-age, or the bit of a chuckle emanating from the aged—the effect is the same—to strike a sympathetic chord in our hearts. We would know what the laughter is about and join in the merriment. We are filled with good humor, but instead of creating occasions for merriment we leave it to our neighbor to create the opportunity for a good laugh.

Why not laugh and enjoy doing so and thereby materially aid ourselves in keeping young and healthy, sane and sensible, and finding happiness and comfort in life? Is it not Chamfort who says: "The most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed."

Let us welcome the companionship of those who delight in merriment, who not only are able to appreciate a good joke, but can enjoy one at their own expense; those who

By THE OPTIMIST.

Look on the bright side always,
And sing when the skies are gray,
And little ills and worries,
They laugh them all away.

My dear friends: It occurred to me that you would like a little change from the regular matter of conducting this page. I want to make each Sunday an interesting for you as possible, and will always welcome any suggestions you may wish to make in this regard.

Beginning with to-day, therefore, I shall appoint a leader for the Sunday following. In fact, I shall print two names in this column, and those two people whose names are in it will be the candidates for the club leadership for next Sunday. Each of the candidates will write not more than 200 words on the subject as announced.

My reason for giving two names is to avoid the possibility of one of those selected being unable to write the opening paragraph in the Sunday's discussion. You will see that Miss Moor, who is the leader for to-day, has written us a very interesting essay on the subject of "Laughter." Of course, my selection of Miss Moor was unknown to her. I did not turn over the idea until I had received all the "Laughter" contributions. I shall ask Mrs. H. B. Hollifield and Mr. H. V. Bisbee to compete for leadership on "Adaptability" next Sunday. The rest of the members will continue to send in expressions, original or quoted, just as heretofore. One of the two members named will be selected as leader for next Sunday, and his or her original sentiments will be printed at the top of this column.

It is obvious that the broad-in-the-bone optimist cannot afford to be out of practice in the art of laughing. You never can tell when you will be called upon to break up a spell of gloom by that blues-dispelling act.

I look upon good, wholesome, hearty laughter as a tonic; nay, a positive cure for pessimism, and when I speak of course laughter that comes from the heart, not the lips, should mean a laugh that tells a hidden truth, or the hypocrite's laugh.

It matters not whether you can see the point of a joke; jokes are not the only things that give us a laugh. Laughter is a state of mind that comes from happiness and love and fellowship with mankind. A laugh is only a grown-up smile. A laugh on the lips should mean a song in the heart. It is the language of the optimist.

One of the members sends me a little poem to-day. I do not know the authorship, but thought it suitable for our discussion to-day. Here it is:

The thing that gets the farthest
Toward making life a success,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a happy laugh.
The laugh that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellows,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With many kindly hints,
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

One of the pleasant features of our growing "Fresh Air Fund" is the constant receipt by me of such good-natured, helpful letters from the members of the club. Just to let you all have the benefit of these cheering expressions from our stanch optimists, I am going to print two or three of them to see if you don't think they show a proper sense of the encouraging sign that our work is not in vain.

Giving for a worthy cause of this kind is a twofold benefit. Little children who will go into the country as the guests of The Washington Herald Optimist Club will be benefited, perhaps, for the rest of their lives. They will be awakened to new things, new ideas will be formed in their young minds, and as their bodies grow strong and healthy, their minds too, will expand.

The other benefit is that it makes us self-sacrificing, and gives us an object lesson in doing for others. Perhaps you have been counting on one of The Herald's prizes. That dollar is going to buy something you wish very much, a book, a pair of gloves, or a theater ticket. When you give it to The Herald's Fresh Air Fund, however, and make the little sacrifice, you feel a glow of pride in being able to contribute your mite toward a need which is stronger than your own.

True sacrifice lies in giving away something that you want yourself. In that way only can you reap the benefits of giving.

Here is a letter from one of the members, which I want you all to read: "Dear Mr. Optimist—I had asked me the other day how people who were afflicted could be optimists. A blind person, for example, I wonder if she has read about Helen Keller and her book on Optimism, and about Edwin Grassie, the blind musician, also an optimist. Schaeffer, writing about him, says: 'He is the happiest person I know. It seems as though there were enough unprosperous spirits and humor, and healthy optimism in that blind boy to brighten up a whole city full of jaundiced eyes.'"

"He who goes down in the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, and a cheering word to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

Here is another: "Dear Optimist—I am very glad to see my poor expressions on optimism might bring in something for the dear little children. I am sorry that it is not one of the 'Five,' but please take it and add it to your fund. I will thank you not to publish my name, as I feel I would like to put a dollar mark in front of the one and two laughs at the end of this morning, because I have little ones in my own family who need fresh air, having a consumptive mother and no father, and this secret I tell you so that you may understand. 'Charity,' you know, 'begins at home,' and spreads afterward."

"I hear expressions of approval of your column on all sides, (or, I should say, 'our' column), and it indeed is a revelation to me that your humble expressions merit more than passing recognition."

There is something of the Spartan about this mother. Our sympathies go out to her in her struggle, and her unswerving optimism, self-help, and desire to help others is a good lesson to us all. Indeed you should say "Our column," friend, good optimist that you are, and we all hope your own little ones will get their breath of fresh air this summer. This shows the spirit of your giving. To give something that you need yourself, or that some of your dear ones need, I am sure, whatever the total amount is, that is contributed by members of this club, not a single dollar of it but will represent a loving thought and a cheerful gift.

Optimist Bisbee comes forward with the helpful suggestion that a forthcoming Sunday be devoted to the subject of "Children," and although we have already had this subject, last fall, I shall announce it for the topic to follow "Adaptability," which has already been selected for next Sunday.

Our little fund is growing apace, and I am sure the hope of turning over a very respectable sum to the children's cause. At the risk of your thinking that I repeat myself too much, I am going to remind the members that there is no special order or order of the two members named will be selected as leader for next Sunday, and his or her original sentiments will be printed at the top of this column.

It is obvious that the broad-in-the-bone optimist cannot afford to be out of practice in the art of laughing. You never can tell when you will be called upon to break up a spell of gloom by that blues-dispelling act.

I look upon good, wholesome, hearty laughter as a tonic; nay, a positive cure for pessimism, and when I speak of course laughter that comes from the heart, not the lips, should mean a laugh that tells a hidden truth, or the hypocrite's laugh.

It matters not whether you can see the point of a joke; jokes are not the only things that give us a laugh. Laughter is a state of mind that comes from happiness and love and fellowship with mankind. A laugh is only a grown-up smile. A laugh on the lips should mean a song in the heart. It is the language of the optimist.

One of the members sends me a little poem to-day. I do not know the authorship, but thought it suitable for our discussion to-day. Here it is:

The thing that gets the farthest
Toward making life a success,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a happy laugh.
The laugh that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellows,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With many kindly hints,
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

One of the pleasant features of our growing "Fresh Air Fund" is the constant receipt by me of such good-natured, helpful letters from the members of the club. Just to let you all have the benefit of these cheering expressions from our stanch optimists, I am going to print two or three of them to see if you don't think they show a proper sense of the encouraging sign that our work is not in vain.

Giving for a worthy cause of this kind is a twofold benefit. Little children who will go into the country as the guests of The Washington Herald Optimist Club will be benefited, perhaps, for the rest of their lives. They will be awakened to new things, new ideas will be formed in their young minds, and as their bodies grow strong and healthy, their minds too, will expand.

The other benefit is that it makes us self-sacrificing, and gives us an object lesson in doing for others. Perhaps you have been counting on one of The Herald's prizes. That dollar is going to buy something you wish very much, a book, a pair of gloves, or a theater ticket. When you give it to The Herald's Fresh Air Fund, however, and make the little sacrifice, you feel a glow of pride in being able to contribute your mite toward a need which is stronger than your own.

True sacrifice lies in giving away something that you want yourself. In that way only can you reap the benefits of giving.

Here is a letter from one of the members, which I want you all to read: "Dear Mr. Optimist—I had asked me the other day how people who were afflicted could be optimists. A blind person, for example, I wonder if she has read about Helen Keller and her book on Optimism, and about Edwin Grassie, the blind musician, also an optimist. Schaeffer, writing about him, says: 'He is the happiest person I know. It seems as though there were enough unprosperous spirits and humor, and healthy optimism in that blind boy to brighten up a whole city full of jaundiced eyes.'"

"He who goes down in the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, and a cheering word to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

Here is another: "Dear Optimist—I am very glad to see my poor expressions on optimism might bring in something for the dear little children. I am sorry that it is not one of the 'Five,' but please take it and add it to your fund. I will thank you not to publish my name, as I feel I would like to put a dollar mark in front of the one and two laughs at the end of this morning, because I have little ones in my own family who need fresh air, having a consumptive mother and no father, and this secret I tell you so that you may understand. 'Charity,' you know, 'begins at home,' and spreads afterward."

"I hear expressions of approval of your column on all sides, (or, I should say, 'our' column), and it indeed is a revelation to me that your humble expressions merit more than passing recognition."

There is something of the Spartan about this mother. Our sympathies go out to her in her struggle, and her unswerving optimism, self-help, and desire to help others is a good lesson to us all. Indeed you should say "Our column," friend, good optimist that you are, and we all hope your own little ones will get their breath of fresh air this summer. This shows the spirit of your giving. To give something that you need yourself, or that some of your dear ones need, I am sure, whatever the total amount is, that is contributed by members of this club, not a single dollar of it but will represent a loving thought and a cheerful gift.

Optimist Bisbee comes forward with the helpful suggestion that a forthcoming Sunday be devoted to the subject of "Children," and although we have already had this subject, last fall, I shall announce it for the topic to follow "Adaptability," which has already been selected for next Sunday.

Our little fund is growing apace, and I am sure the hope of turning over a very respectable sum to the children's cause. At the risk of your thinking that I repeat myself too much, I am going to remind the members that there is no special order or order of the two members named will be selected as leader for next Sunday, and his or her original sentiments will be printed at the top of this column.

It is obvious that the broad-in-the-bone optimist cannot afford to be out of practice in the art of laughing. You never can tell when you will be called upon to break up a spell of gloom by that blues-dispelling act.

I look upon good, wholesome, hearty laughter as a tonic; nay, a positive cure for pessimism, and when I speak of course laughter that comes from the heart, not the lips, should mean a laugh that tells a hidden truth, or the hypocrite's laugh.

It matters not whether you can see the point of a joke; jokes are not the only things that give us a laugh. Laughter is a state of mind that comes from happiness and love and fellowship with mankind. A laugh is only a grown-up smile. A laugh on the lips should mean a song in the heart. It is the language of the optimist.

One of the members sends me a little poem to-day. I do not know the authorship, but thought it suitable for our discussion to-day. Here it is:

The thing that gets the farthest
Toward making life a success,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a happy laugh.
The laugh that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellows,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With many kindly hints,
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

One of the pleasant features of our growing "Fresh Air Fund" is the constant receipt by me of such good-natured, helpful letters from the members of the club. Just to let you all have the benefit of these cheering expressions from our stanch optimists, I am going to print two or three of them to see if you don't think they show a proper sense of the encouraging sign that our work is not in vain.

Giving for a worthy cause of this kind is a twofold benefit. Little children who will go into the country as the guests of The Washington Herald Optimist Club will be benefited, perhaps, for the rest of their lives. They will be awakened to new things, new ideas will be formed in their young minds, and as their bodies grow strong and healthy, their minds too, will expand.

The other benefit is that it makes us self-sacrificing, and gives us an object lesson in doing for others. Perhaps you have been counting on one of The Herald's prizes. That dollar is going to buy something you wish very much, a book, a pair of gloves, or a theater ticket. When you give it to The Herald's Fresh Air Fund, however, and make the little sacrifice, you feel a glow of pride in being able to contribute your mite toward a need which is stronger than your own.

True sacrifice lies in giving away something that you want yourself. In that way only can you reap the benefits of giving.

Here is a letter from one of the members, which I want you all to read: "Dear Mr. Optimist—I had asked me the other day how people who were afflicted could be optimists. A blind person, for example, I wonder if she has read about Helen Keller and her book on Optimism, and about Edwin Grassie, the blind musician, also an optimist. Schaeffer, writing about him, says: 'He is the happiest person I know. It seems as though there were enough unprosperous spirits and humor, and healthy optimism in that blind boy to brighten up a whole city full of jaundiced eyes.'"

"He who goes down in the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, and a cheering word to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

Here is another: "Dear Optimist—I am very glad to see my poor expressions on optimism might bring in something for the dear little children. I am sorry that it is not one of the 'Five,' but please take it and add it to your fund. I will thank you not to publish my name, as I feel I would like to put a dollar mark in front of the one and two laughs at the end of this morning, because I have little ones in my own family who need fresh air, having a consumptive mother and no father, and this secret I tell you so that you may understand. 'Charity,' you know, 'begins at home,' and spreads afterward."

"I hear expressions of approval of your column on all sides, (or, I should say, 'our' column), and it indeed is a revelation to me that your humble expressions merit more than passing recognition."

There is something of the Spartan about this mother. Our sympathies go out to her in her struggle, and her unswerving optimism, self-help, and desire to help others is a good lesson to us all. Indeed you should say "Our column," friend, good optimist that you are, and we all hope your own little ones will get their breath of fresh air this summer. This shows the spirit of your giving. To give something that you need yourself, or that some of your dear ones need, I am sure, whatever the total amount is, that is contributed by members of this club, not a single dollar of it but will represent a loving thought and a cheerful gift.

Optimist Bisbee comes forward with the helpful suggestion that a forthcoming Sunday be devoted to the subject of "Children," and although we have already had this subject, last fall, I shall announce it for the topic to follow "Adaptability," which has already been selected for next Sunday.

Our little fund is growing apace, and I am sure the hope of turning over a very respectable sum to the children's cause. At the risk of your thinking that I repeat myself too much, I am going to remind the members that there is no special order or order of the two members named will be selected as leader for next Sunday, and his or her original sentiments will be printed at the top of this column.

It is obvious that the broad-in-the-bone optimist cannot afford to be out of practice in the art of laughing. You never can tell when you will be called upon to break up a spell of gloom by that blues-dispelling act.

I look upon good, wholesome, hearty laughter as a tonic; nay, a positive cure for pessimism, and when I speak of course laughter that comes from the heart, not the lips, should mean a laugh that tells a hidden truth, or the hypocrite's laugh.

It matters not whether you can see the point of a joke; jokes are not the only things that give us a laugh. Laughter is a state of mind that comes from happiness and love and fellowship with mankind. A laugh is only a grown-up smile. A laugh on the lips should mean a song in the heart. It is the language of the optimist.

One of the members sends me a little poem to-day. I do not know the authorship, but thought it suitable for our discussion to-day. Here it is:

The thing that gets the farthest
Toward making life a success,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a happy laugh.
The laugh that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellows,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With many kindly hints,
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

One of the pleasant features of our growing "Fresh Air Fund" is the constant receipt by me of such good-natured, helpful letters from the members of the club. Just to let you all have the benefit of these cheering expressions from our stanch optimists, I am going to print two or three of them to see if you don't think they show a proper sense of the encouraging sign that our work is not in vain.

Giving for a worthy cause of this kind is a twofold benefit. Little children who will go into the country as the guests of The Washington Herald Optimist Club will be benefited, perhaps, for the rest of their lives. They will be awakened to new things, new ideas will be formed in their young minds, and as their bodies grow strong and healthy, their minds too, will expand.

The other benefit is that it makes us self-sacrificing, and gives us an object lesson in doing for others. Perhaps you have been counting on one of The Herald's prizes. That dollar is going to buy something you wish very much, a book, a pair of gloves, or a theater ticket. When you give it to The Herald's Fresh Air Fund, however, and make the little sacrifice, you feel a glow of pride in being able to contribute your mite toward a need which is stronger than your own.

True sacrifice lies in giving away something that you want yourself. In that way only can you reap the benefits of giving.

Here is a letter from one of the members, which I want you all to read: "Dear Mr. Optimist—I had asked me the other day how people who were afflicted could be optimists. A blind person, for example, I wonder if she has read about Helen Keller and her book on Optimism, and about Edwin Grassie, the blind musician, also an optimist. Schaeffer, writing about him, says: 'He is the happiest person I know. It seems as though there were enough unprosperous spirits and humor, and healthy optimism in that blind boy to brighten up a whole city full of jaundiced eyes.'"

"He who goes down in the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, and a cheering word to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

Here is another: "Dear Optimist—I am very glad to see my poor expressions on optimism might bring in something for the dear little children. I am sorry that it is not one of the 'Five,' but please take it and add it to your fund. I will thank you not to publish my name, as I feel I would like to put a dollar mark in front of the one and two laughs at the end of this morning, because I have little ones in my own family who need fresh air, having a consumptive mother and no father, and this secret I tell you so that you may understand. 'Charity,' you know, 'begins at home,' and spreads afterward."

"I hear expressions of approval of your column on all sides, (or, I should say, 'our' column), and it indeed is a revelation to me that your humble expressions merit more than passing recognition."

There is something of the Spartan about this mother. Our sympathies go out to her in her struggle, and her unswerving optimism, self-help, and desire to help others is a good lesson to us all. Indeed you should say "Our column," friend, good optimist that you are, and we all hope your own little ones will get their breath of fresh air this summer. This shows the spirit of your giving. To give something that you need yourself, or that some of your dear ones need, I am sure, whatever the total amount is, that is contributed by members of this club, not a single dollar of it but will represent a loving thought and a cheerful gift.

Optimist Bisbee comes forward with the helpful suggestion that a forthcoming Sunday be devoted to the subject of "Children," and although we have already had this subject, last fall, I shall announce it for the topic to follow "Adaptability," which has already been selected for next Sunday.

Our little fund is growing apace, and I am sure the hope of turning over a very respectable sum to the children's cause. At the risk of your thinking that I repeat myself too much, I am going to remind the members that there is no special order or order of the two members named will be selected as leader for next Sunday, and his or her original sentiments will be printed at the top of this column.

It is obvious that the broad-in-the-bone optimist cannot afford to be out of practice in the art of laughing. You never can tell when you will be called upon to break up a spell of gloom by that blues-dispelling act.

I look upon good, wholesome, hearty laughter as a tonic; nay, a positive cure for pessimism, and when I speak of course laughter that comes from the heart, not the lips, should mean a laugh that tells a hidden truth, or the hypocrite's laugh.

It matters not whether you can see the point of a joke; jokes are not the only things that give us a laugh. Laughter is a state of mind that comes from happiness and love and fellowship with mankind. A laugh is only a grown-up smile. A laugh on the lips should mean a song in the heart. It is the language of the optimist.

One of the members sends me a little poem to-day. I do not know the authorship, but thought it suitable for our discussion to-day. Here it is:

The thing that gets the farthest
Toward making life a success,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a happy laugh.
The laugh that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellows,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With many kindly hints,
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

One of the pleasant features of our growing "Fresh Air Fund" is the constant receipt by me of such good-natured, helpful letters from the members of the club. Just to let you all have the benefit of these cheering expressions from our stanch optimists, I am going to print two or three of them to see if you don't think they show a proper sense of the encouraging sign that our work is not in vain.

Giving for a worthy cause of this kind is a twofold benefit. Little children who will go into the country as the guests of The Washington Herald Optimist Club will be benefited, perhaps, for the rest of their lives. They will be awakened to new things, new ideas will be formed in their young minds, and as their bodies grow strong and healthy, their minds too, will expand.

The other benefit is that it makes us self-sacrificing, and gives us an object lesson in doing for others. Perhaps you have been counting on one of The Herald's prizes. That dollar is going to buy something you wish very much, a book, a pair of gloves, or a theater ticket. When you give it to The Herald's Fresh Air Fund, however, and make the little sacrifice, you feel a glow of pride in being able to contribute your mite toward a need which is stronger than your own.

True sacrifice lies in giving away something that you want yourself. In that way only can you reap the benefits of giving.

Here is a letter from one of the members, which I want you all to read: "Dear Mr. Optimist—I had asked me the other day how people who were afflicted could be optimists. A blind person, for example, I wonder if she has read about Helen Keller and her book on Optimism, and about Edwin Grassie, the blind musician, also an optimist. Schaeffer, writing about him, says: 'He is the happiest person I know. It seems as though there were enough unprosperous spirits and humor, and healthy optimism in that blind boy to brighten up a whole city full of jaundiced eyes.'"

"He who goes down in the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, and a cheering word to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

Here is another: "Dear Optimist—I am very glad to see my poor expressions on optimism might bring in something for the dear little children. I am sorry that it is not one of the 'Five,' but please take it and add it to your fund. I will thank you not to publish my name, as I feel I would like to put a dollar mark in front of the one and two laughs at the end of this morning, because I have little ones in my own family who need fresh air, having a consumptive mother and no father, and this secret I tell you so that you may understand. 'Charity,' you know, 'begins at home,' and spreads afterward."

"I hear expressions of approval of your column on all sides, (or, I should say, 'our' column), and it indeed is a revelation to me that your humble expressions merit more than passing recognition."

There is something of the Spartan about this mother. Our sympathies go out to her in her struggle, and her unswerving optimism, self-help, and desire to help others is a good lesson to us all. Indeed you should say "Our column," friend, good optimist that you are, and we all hope your own little ones will get their breath of fresh air this summer. This shows the spirit of your giving. To give something that you need yourself, or that some of your dear ones need, I am sure, whatever the total amount is, that is contributed by members of this club, not a single dollar of it but will represent a loving thought and a cheerful gift.

Optimist Bisbee comes forward with the helpful suggestion that a forthcoming Sunday be devoted to the subject of "Children," and although we have already had this subject, last fall, I shall announce it for the topic to follow "Adaptability," which has already been selected for next Sunday.

Our little fund is growing apace, and I am sure the hope of turning over a very respectable sum to the children's cause. At the risk of your thinking that I repeat myself too much, I am going to remind the members that there is no special order or order of the two members named will be selected as leader for next Sunday, and his or her original sentiments will be printed at the top of this column.

It is obvious that the broad-in-the-bone optimist cannot afford to be out of practice in the art of laughing. You never can tell when you will be called upon to break up a spell of gloom by that blues-dispelling act.

I look upon good, wholesome, hearty laughter as a tonic; nay, a positive cure for pessimism, and when I speak of course laughter that comes from the heart, not the lips, should mean a laugh that tells a hidden truth, or the hypocrite's laugh.

It matters not whether you can see the point of a joke; jokes are not the only things that give us a laugh. Laughter is a state of mind that comes from happiness and love and fellowship with mankind. A laugh is only a grown-up smile. A laugh on the lips should mean a song in the heart. It is the language of the optimist.

One of the members sends me a little poem to-day. I do not know the authorship, but thought it suitable for our discussion to-day. Here it is:

The thing that gets the farthest
Toward making life a success,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a happy laugh.
The laugh that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellows,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With many kindly hints,
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

One of the pleasant features of our growing "Fresh Air Fund" is the constant receipt by me of such good-natured, helpful letters from the members of the club. Just to let you all have the benefit of these cheering expressions from our stanch optimists, I am going to print two or three of them to see if you don't think they show a proper sense of the encouraging sign that our work is not in vain.

Giving for a worthy cause of this kind is a twofold benefit. Little children who will go into the country as the guests of The Washington Herald Optimist Club will be benefited, perhaps, for the rest of their lives. They will be awakened to new things, new ideas will be formed in their young minds, and as their bodies grow strong and healthy, their minds too, will expand.

The other benefit is that it makes us self-sacrificing, and gives us an object lesson in doing for others. Perhaps you have been counting on one of The Herald's prizes. That dollar is going to buy something you wish very much, a book, a pair of gloves, or a theater ticket. When you give it to The Herald's Fresh Air Fund, however, and make the little sacrifice, you feel a glow of pride in being able to contribute your mite toward a need which is stronger than your own.

True sacrifice lies in giving away something that you want yourself. In that way only can you reap the benefits of giving.

Here is a letter from one of the members, which I want you all to read: "Dear Mr. Optimist—I had asked me the other day how people who were afflicted could be optimists. A blind person, for example, I wonder if she has read about Helen Keller and her book on Optimism, and about Edwin Grassie, the blind musician, also an optimist. Schaeffer, writing about him, says: 'He is the happiest person I know. It seems as though there were enough unprosperous spirits and humor, and healthy optimism in that blind boy to brighten up a whole city full of jaundiced eyes.'"

"He who goes down in the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, and a cheering word to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

Here is another: "Dear Optimist—I am very glad to see my poor expressions on optimism might bring in something for the dear little children. I am sorry that it is not one of the 'Five,' but please take it and add it to your fund. I will thank you not to publish my name, as I feel I would like to put a dollar mark in front of the one and two laughs at the end of this morning, because I have little ones in my own family who need fresh air, having a consumptive mother and no father, and this secret I tell you so that you may understand. 'Charity,' you know, 'begins at home,' and spreads afterward."

"I hear expressions of approval of your column on all sides, (or, I should say, 'our' column), and it indeed is a revelation to me that your humble expressions merit more than passing recognition."

There is something of the Spartan about this mother. Our sympathies go out to her in her struggle, and her unswerving optimism, self-help, and desire to help others is a good lesson to us all. Indeed you should say "Our column," friend, good optimist that you are, and we all hope your own little ones will get their breath of fresh air this summer. This shows the spirit of your giving. To give something that you need yourself, or that some of your dear ones need, I am sure, whatever the total amount is, that is contributed by members of this club, not a single dollar of it but will represent a loving thought and a cheerful gift.

Optimist Bisbee comes forward with the helpful suggestion that a forthcoming Sunday be devoted to the subject of "Children," and although we have already had this subject, last fall, I shall announce it for the topic to follow "Adaptability," which has already been selected for next Sunday.

Our little fund is growing apace, and I am sure the hope of turning over a very respectable sum to the children's cause. At the risk of your thinking that I repeat myself too much, I am going to remind the members that there is no special order or order of the two members named will be selected as leader for next Sunday, and his or her original sentiments will be printed at the top of this column.

It is obvious that the broad-in-the-bone optimist cannot afford to be out of practice in the art of laughing. You never can tell when you will be called upon to break up a spell of gloom by that blues-dispelling act.